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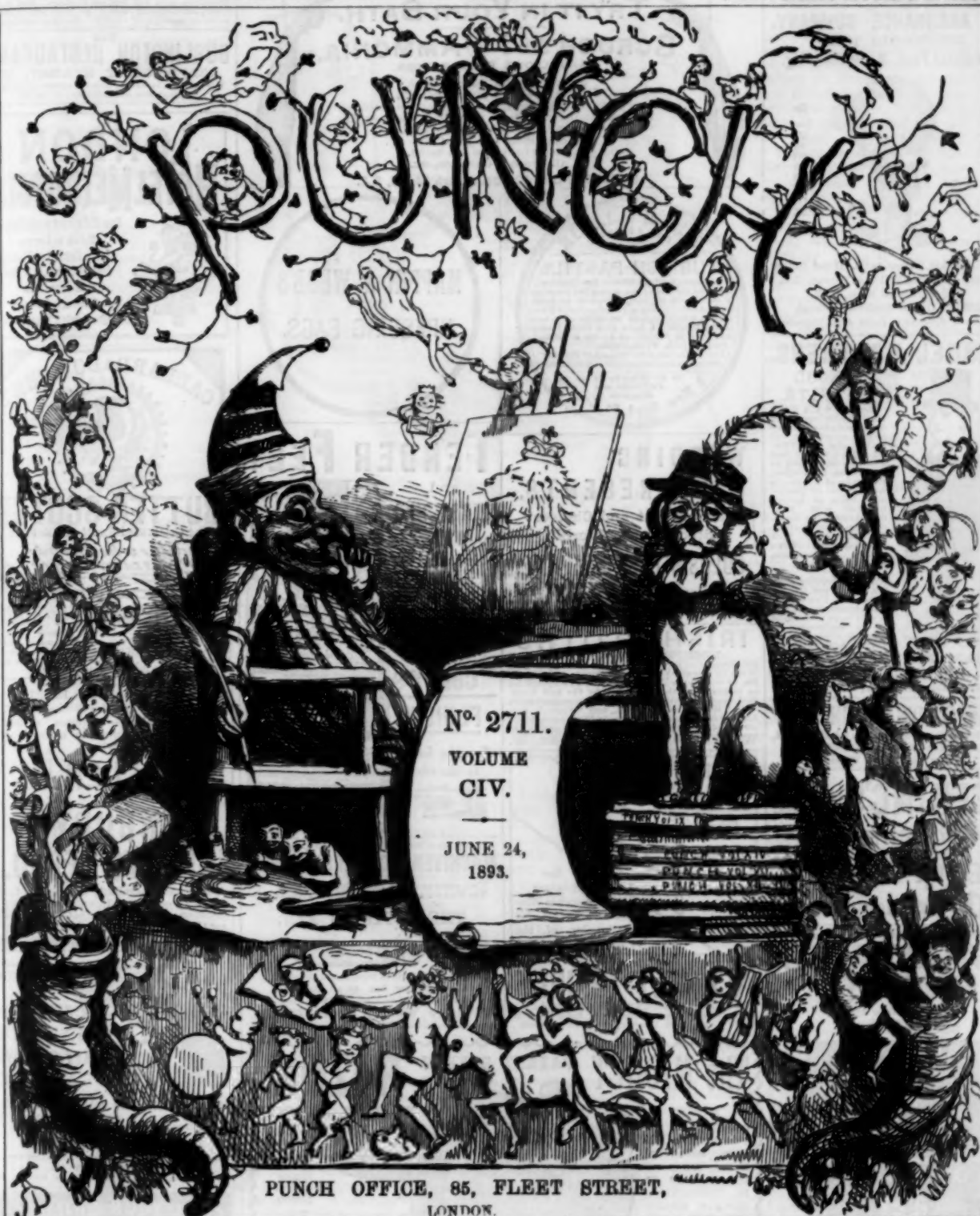
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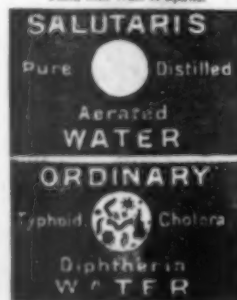
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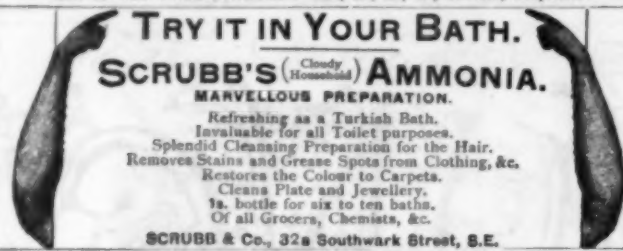
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## NEW BARDS AND OLD.

THE poet in the ancient days,  
Or so at least we're told,  
Regarded neither blame nor  
praise,  
And looked with scorn on  
gold;  
The man—how foolish!—lived  
for art  
And cared for nought beside,  
And lastly, with a broken  
heart  
Artistically died.

But modern bards, it's under-  
stood,  
Are very different men,  
They dine, they form a  
Brotherhood,  
They quarrel with the pen;  
And if a publisher should pay  
Too little for their rhymes,  
They write in wrath without  
delay  
Epistles to the Times!

The bard of old, we gather,  
sought  
For inspiration long,  
And waited till some noble  
thought  
Should rouse him into song;  
Our more astute practitioner  
Will deal with all events,  
And write in praise, as you  
prefer,  
Of love, or Three-per-Cents!

Well, let us all our joy express  
That, in these cultured days,  
The poet strives for some  
success

More lucrative than bays;  
This fact with pride we look  
upon,—

However Art declines,  
Parnassus now is managed on  
The soundest business lines!



## OUR TA-RA-RA-BOOM-TA-RA-TRA-CEDIAN JAPANND.

"A GREAT JAPANESE ACTOR ON THE ART OF ACTING.—The greatest Japanese actor of modern times is ICHIKAWA DANJURO, . . . speaking of the part of a young lady of seventeen, which he is at present playing as an interlude, he said: 'I am attempting too much. . . . Still a young lady is a young lady, and I can submit myself to this ordeal, and act and dance as a damsel would. . . . It is not a dance to be attempted by a person much over thirty, and, being now fifty-six, I mean to abide by the announcement I made at the beginning, that this will be the last public exhibition I shall make of a dance of this kind.' . . . He was amused to be told that there was some resemblance between his features and those of Mr. IRVING, and said he heard this for the first time."—Times, June 15.

UNDER LYNED OBSERVA-  
TIONS.—The Bishop of Man-  
chester, at Ashton-under-  
Lyne—where everything, per-  
haps, is not *hors de la ligne*—  
gave his audience his opinions  
as to people enjoying them-  
selves on Sunday. The rich  
got it hot (quite in keeping  
with the weather) for boating  
on that day, and the poor got  
it warm for indulging in  
"riotous amusement" on Sun-  
day. But your Lordship, sup-  
posing these rich and poor  
alike have been to their  
"duties" on the Sunday  
morning, or supposing they've  
been, whether rich or poor  
working honestly and con-  
scientiously all the week,  
isn't it time that "*Laborare  
est orare*," and so they may be  
allowed a little secular relaxa-  
tion on Sunday? What does  
all work and no play do? Rest  
and be thankful for the one  
day's holiday, rich and poor  
alike; only let the rich con-  
sider the poor, and help them  
to their holiday.

DATA TO GO ON.—As to  
the World's Age. Not the age  
of The World, with a capital  
W—and a good capital too,  
sub *Jocce Edmundo*—that's  
easily ascertained; but the  
age of the world we live in,  
which must have been very  
old even at the date of the  
flood, for NOAH was an Arky-  
ologist.

A NEW COACHING CLUB.—  
Pretty sight. Date not yet  
fixed. Meet of all the Principal  
University "Coaches," in full  
Academicals. Banquet at the  
"O. & C." Club.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday Night, June 13.—Première of *Djamileh*. First time in London; also probably last time. Omit the second letter, and you coin a word expressive of the case, a word which rhymes with family; that's very much how it was with BIZET's Opera of *Djamileh*. Wish composer had been too Bizzy to do it. Very heavy: warm night also. Eastern surroundings made not a few of us feel uncomfortably drowsy. Messieurs BONNARD and COUTELLIER did their little best, as did also Mlle. GHERSEN, but nothing would arouse the audience to any demonstration expressive of anything which within reasonable distance could be taken as resembling rapture. Signor RANDOGER did his utmost in conducting, and orchestra their best; but "*non te*," i.e., "No go." The ALMÉE, Mlle. RIGANTI, with other ALMÉES, executed a monotonous dance of Turkish delights. I say "executed" advisedly, as I sincerely hope it was killed out and out, never to be heard of or seen again. If not "executed," but only "scotched"—well, then in the latter case it may become a reel, and that, with bagpipes, may save it. After this everyone cheered up. Sleepers awoke, and exclaimed, "*Pagliacci*!" That is sufficient. MANCINELLI ascends to his seat: orchestra applaud him with friendly tap on the back—of their violins and violoncelli. MANCINELLI pleased, orchestra pleased, audience delighted. MANCINELLI's beaming smile fades away as he says to himself, "*La bisnissa e la bisnissa*," and, sternly regarding the men of his band, he seems to mutter, "Now no nonsense! a truce to compliments! On we go!" And on we do go with overture to *Pagliacci*, which is only interrupted by sudden appearance of *Tonio*, the clown, who, looking in as *Paolo Prio* was wont to do in that very old comedy written in choice cockney, says, "Ladies and Gents, I hope I don't intrude, but this is the sort of thing you're going to see, and for us and for our comedy, thus stooping to your clemency," etcetera, etcetera; and "on we goes again," bang, bang, bang, clash, clash; it's all cymbalism. "Just a going to begin," and begin does the story, every one being as good as ever, nay better, for Madame MELBA and RICARDO GREENO (very nearly like

POMMERY and GREENO, which might serve as a title of a short comic opera, such as is *Bozo & Cozo*) have distinctly improved in their acting; and so the sad story is sung and played, and all recollection of "*D. Jammy Lee*" (the preceding opera) is clean wiped out, as if it never had been, and we wish it never had.

Friday Night.—O so 'ot!! "Glass up-to"—lips, ever so many times. Everything iced. Audience crammed in to hear *Meafostèle*, with CALVÉ as *Marguerite*. But CALVÉ couldn't, so programme changed. Transformation scene consisted of *Djamileh*, which going a little better than on its première, and had the salutary effect of cooling down enthusiasm. Very necessary operation "on such a night," as our old friend, WILLIE SHAKESPEARE, has it. CALVÉ being out of it, we couldn't have the *Cacalleria*, but, instead, Sir DRUROLANUS gave us LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. "Lay on, CAVALLO," says Sir O'LANUS. "*En iterum Crispinus*!" and once more Sir D. COVENT-GARDENIENSIS quotes the Dramatic Poet, and says bravely, as he disappears down the lobby, "LÉ-ON CAVALLO! and dumb'd be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'" Well, well, it's a merry heart that always rejoices, and the time will come when we shall all be h'old enough—just enough—to remember the exceptionally successful productions of *Cacalleria* and *Pagliacci*.

GRATEFUL AND GRACEFUL.—When Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has quite finished the Behring Sea Case, the Government, in acknowledgment of his great services, will, on the first opportunity, elevate him to the Lord High Chancellorship, as Keeper of the Great Seal. In all State processions the direction will be that "Sir CHARLES is preceded by Usher, bearing Seal," in perpetual remembrance of his international "fishing interrogatory" services.

APPROPRIATE.—Why does not Mr. SEXTON get elected for an English Constituency? As Sexton, he could go to Bury.

SPIRITED REMARK.—"A small Irish Whiskey and Soda" is now called "The Nationalist Split."

## MR. PUNCH SALUTES THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF MOLIERE.

*(On the Occasion of the Visit of "Les Enfants de Molière" to London.)*

Mr. Punch. "SORRY YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH US ONLY FOR A MONTH; BUT I TRUST YOU WILL FIND YOURSELVES QUITE AT HOME."

## "TWAS MERRY IN (ST. JAMES'S) HALL."

OUR ever fresh "GEE GEE," 'yclept GEORGE GROSSMITH, came out strong last Monday at St. James's Hall. "Good entertainment for Man and GEE GEE." Question whether the American Girl

will quite relish her portrait, as painted by the facetious GEE GEE. However, when in the U. S., GEE GEE is perfectly welcome to say that is this the English Girl to the life. Hall was crammed, and GEE GEE "Kicking up behind and afore," in his final dance, with tambourine and piano accompaniment, is something of

beauty, and a joy for ever, which will be remembered by all who saw, heard, and applauded to the echo. But O how hot!! Can't St. James's Hall be ventilated better than it now is? And cannot the sounds of other shows that are going on be excluded? The birds outside, too, were having an entertainment of their own, and were enjoying it most chirpily. However, GEE GEE didn't seem to hear them, or to hear anything except the applause, which was occasionally deafening.

### TO A FASHION-PLATE BELLE (1)

(By a Country Querist.)

LADY, I've seen from week to week  
Your form in many a Fashion Journal—  
Are you a mad dress-maker's "freak,"  
Or else the "Feminine Eternal"?  
Oh, do the girls in London town  
(I wonder) take you for their model,  
And try, despite a bell-shaped gown,  
On microscopic feet to toddle?  
Pray, have they all got waists like yours,  
A thing of six or seven inches?  
Forgive me, if the question bores,  
But don't you find that girdle pinches?  
Why that unvarying arch of wrist,  
And curl of fore and little fingers?  
Is it prescribed by your *modiste*,  
Or have you cramp that ever lingers?



That collar, too, which clasps your throat—  
Should it not be some sizes bigger?  
(The angle of your neck, I note,  
Suggests a bent and limp lay-figure).  
Why wear that blank and futile face,  
Those gooseberry eyes and fatuous eyebrows?  
Does not your stereotyped grimace  
Too oft irrev'rent jest and gibe rouse?



### "READY, AYE READY!"

*Young Lady.* "OH, I DON'T SEE YOUR ARGUMENT AT ALL. BUT THEN, YOU KNOW,"—  
(with intention)—"I AM NEXT DOOR TO A FOOL!"

*The Poet.* "OH NO! YOU MUST BE BESIDE YOURSELF TO SAY SO!"

[*Young Lady wishes she hadn't attempted the ancient witticism.*]

If all Belgravian belles conclude  
That, copying you, they do their duty,  
I'll say (ev'n though it's somewhat rude),  
Give me the rustic style of beauty!

### RACES IN PARIS.

WHEN the *Grand Prix* comes you see  
Very well  
Races in the court of the  
Grand Hotel.

All the races of the world,  
Here they are;  
Eastern turban, deftly twirled,  
From afar.

English maiden, pretty, prim;  
"Don't you know."  
New York beauty, pale and slim;  
"That is so."

Dark-eyed lady, come from Spain—  
*Señora.*  
German *Hausfrau*, fat and plain;  
"Ja, ja, ja!"

Frenchmen dressed, à l'anglaise, well.  
*Sapristi!*  
*V'là c'qu' YVETTE GUILBERT appelle*  
"*P'tite Vernis.*"

Germans! See their widespread backs  
When they turn;  
They consider clothes like sacks  
*Wunderschön!*

English dressed in shooting suits,  
Shabby too.  
"Dashed if I can speak these brutes'  
*Parleyvoo!*"

Greek, Italian, Portuguese,  
Hottentot;  
On the *terrace* here one sees  
All the lot.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY.—The G. Y. G., or  
Grand Young GARDNER, Minister of Agriculture,  
in answer to a deputation, said "He  
wished to stamp out *swine-fever*." How will  
he do it? It sounds like extra taxation. The  
G. Y. G. will have to consult the P. M. G.  
as to how many "stamps" he can send  
"out" for this particular purpose. Are  
they to be penny or halfpenny stamps?

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION (adapted to new  
rule as to Colonial titles).—"So are we all  
(when we visit the Mother Country), all  
Honourable Men."



## GOOD SIR JOHN!

(A New Song to an Old Tune for all Singers.)



## THE BLACK-AND-WHITE KNIGHT.

[“Look, here comes good Sir JOHN!”—Second part of *King Henry the Fourth*, Act III., Sc. 2.]

“JAKIDES, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters (in Art); and Sir JOHN, with all Europe.”—*Ditto*, Act II., Sc. 2 (*very slightly altered*).  
 “Sir JOHN, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs.”—*Ditto*, Act III., Sc. 2.]

AIR—“*Sir John Barleycorn*.”

I SING of a Knight all other Knights excelling,  
 New-honoured is the name of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Chorus (*fortissimo*). Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 In high princely hall or in citizen's dwelling,  
 Art knows no nobler friend than Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Long at our Board may Punch with pride  
 Sir JOHN see smiling at his side.  
 Brave Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Forty year, and more, at the Table Round, we've boasted  
 England's later LAUNCELOT in JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Chorus. JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Many a time and oft has the Table gaily toasted  
 Art's pride (and ours) in true JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Now that fresh honours bud with Spring,  
 We stand and shout in loyal ring,  
 Good Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

They've dubbed him Knight at last, who ne'er was aught  
 but knightly,  
 Fitting sounds the title of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Chorus. Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Chivalrous spirits don the spurs calmly and politely,  
 Honours easy sit on such as JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 But sitting round the “Mahogany Tree”  
 His old Companions hail with glee,  
 Kind Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!!!

All know his Art, all kindred Art excelling,  
 Where lives a “Cartoonist” like Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL?  
 Chorus. Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 But comrades know the manly heart, the nature in him dwelling,  
 So they echo SHAKESPEARE'S wish, Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
 Heaven prosper your affairs!  
 Keep you free, Good Knight, from cares!  
 True Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

## THE BOW-WOW DAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Surely there ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Doing Done-to-Death Ditties into Dance Music! An S.P.D.D.D.M. would come in remarkably handy just now, for I notice—oh, a million horrors!—that someone has just committed “The Bow-Wow Polka.”

The “Bow-Wow” having “caught on” at the Gaiety Theatre and the Music-halls, would it not be adding a sweet completeness to circumstances if the “Bow-Wow,” or some Bow-Wow, “caught on” the composer of the polka? Perhaps TONY would oblige?

Yours, &c., A WOULD-BE (*but can't be, because the street-organs won't let me be*) JOURNALIST.

P.S.—I don't think I shall complain if Daddy will not buy me a Bow-Wow Polka!

MRS. R. ON AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—MRS. RAM, who has been making a railway jaunt, is much struck by the appearance in many fields and pastures of large boards, on which stands boldly printed the legend, “Large Lighthouse Pills.” “These poor farmers!” she says. “It shows how repressed agriculture is when they take to planting out pills. I suppose, by-and-by, if times don't mend, they'll be boring for Black Draughts.”

LUCKY.—The CESAREWITCH is coming to England for the Royal Wedding. As all the Good Fairies are sure to be present, it is a happy omen that the only Witch is favourable.

## ALL ROUND THE “MAY” WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Obedient to the least hint of a command from his Master, your faithful and humble representative has been enjoying himself, and going it. If you didn't mean me to go it, you should have said so. At any rate you can't deny that you said “Go.” My own intelligence supplied the rest; your bankers will, I hope, furnish the harmless necessary cash for the payment of the liabilities I have incurred in your service. Let me first correct a few misconceptions that seem to prevail with regard to Cambridge. I will tabulate them, and deal with them *seriatim*.

(1) That Cambridge is a place designed for studious pursuits. This is manifestly absurd. I did not hear a single lecture; and a young man, whom I asked about this, said, “There aren't any lectures now”; which leads me to believe that there may have been lectures fifty years ago, but that they have since been abolished. Besides, if Cambridge were a studious place, its inhabitants would be fond of Examinations. But they are not. The same young man of whom I have already spoken, used the most wicked and awful language about Examinations and Examiners. “By gum,” he remarked, “I should like to feed my Examiners on corked champagne, tinned salmon, and dog-biscuits, for setting such beastly papers.” Finally, I may state that, during the four or five days I spent in Cambridge, everybody spoke of dances, boat-races, cricket-matches, concerts, amateur theatricals, and so forth, as if there was nothing else to think about in Cambridge. At any rate I am sure nobody did think of anything else all the time I was there.

(2) That Cambridge Colleges are inhabited entirely by undergraduates and dons.

This is fantastic nonsense. I did see a considerable number of undergraduates, it is true; but they were all accompanied by sisters and cousins, who seemed to breakfast, lunch, and dine in college every day. This must be very distracting, though it is a pretty sight, I confess, on one of these bright June afternoons, to watch the slim figures and the dainty dresses of these charmers straying through the beautiful leafy avenues in the “backs,” or hanging over the grey old bridges that span the slow stream of the Cam.

(3) That boys (at Cambridge) will be boys. My dear Sir, they won't; they will be, and are, men—at least, they always speak of themselves as “men.” My young host said to me on the morning of my arrival, “I've asked two or three fellows to meet you at lunch. There'll be THOMSON, and JACKSON, and BANHAM. BANHAM's one of the best men we've got.” I expected, of course, to meet three fellows of the College. At half-past one there came a knock at the door, and there entered a boy just turned eighteen, I should say, with a modest manner and the complexion of a girl. This was BANHAM, and at Cambridge BANHAM, bless him, is a man. I could extend this list of fallacies, but I pause. The rest of my notes on the manners and customs of Cambridge will be found in the appended scraps of dialogue, which are taken, I may state, from the living voice.

## AT THE STATION.

A train from London has just arrived. The platform is crowded with undergraduates in straw hats and flannel suits, with fathers, mothers, sisters, &c., and with porters endeavouring to trundle immense loads of feminine luggage along.

Undergraduate (to his friend). There they are. The Mater's

waving her handkerchief to me. By Jove! that porter's just taken the Governor in the bend of the knee with a portmanteau. I must get at them. Now, JACK, you stop here, and I'll fetch 'em along.

*[Struggles towards them.]*  
*His Mother (to a daughter).* There's TOM, MARY; doesn't he look handsome? I declare he's grown quite an inch! Now then, where's my basket with his new banner-screen that I've worked for him, and, oh MARY, where have you put my little bag? *[And so forth.]*

*The Father (who has just been "taken in the bend of the knee").* Do come along, SARAH. What on earth is the use of standing here all day? If you would only condescend to travel without ten thousand small parcels, we might get on—ow, ow! *[Is "taken" again.]*

*Porter.* By your leave, Sir.  
*Father.* Infernally clumsy. *[Undergraduate-Son arrives panting.]*

*Under.* Well, here you are, by Jove! I am glad you've come. *[Kisses them all round in public. N.B.—This is always done at the station.]* Come along as quick as you can. We've got lots to do. Lunch in my rooms, then I'll trot you round the place, then to the boat-races, then dinner with PACKWELL. There he is, I'll introduce you. *[Introductions. More collisions with porters and other men's people, apologies. Slow progress towards exit.]* Then we'll go to the A. D. C., and after that there's a ball. Do you think you can stand it all, MARY?

*Sister.* Of course, TOM. What a silly question. I mean to go to all the dances, and all the boat-races, and all the concerts, and everything.  
*Under.* The dickens you do. Come on then, we'd better make a start.

*[They disappear, together with PACKWELL, who feels himself to be a fifth wheel to the coach, and is reduced to silence.]*

#### AT THE BOAT-RACES.

*Ditton Corner.* Pleasure-boats packed together along the bank. On the meadow a parti-coloured crowd of Undergraduates and their "people" on foot, and in carriages. A bumping race has just started.

*A Sister.* Oh, I heard the gun so plainly. When, when will they be here? I'm so nervous. HARRY must make his bump just here. I'll never forgive him if he doesn't. There they come! No they don't. Oh, I wish they'd make haste. Can't you go and hurry them up, JACK? How slow they are! Now, JACK, tell me again which is First Trinity, and which is Third Trinity, and where is Second Trinity, and what does Lady MARGARET mean, and how do they arrange which is to bump which?

*[Yells, rattles, and fog-horns—the boats approach.]*  
*A Brother.* Look there—we're right on top of them! *[Screams frantically.]* Well rowed, you men, well rowed! Keep it long, swing, swing! Now then! Great SCOTT! the cox has made a shot, and missed! *[And so forth.]*

*A Mother.* Why do they all row with bare legs? Oh, there's HARRY. His boat will collide with the other boat, I'm sure. *[Shouts to HARRY.]* Do take care, HARRY, there'll be a collision! Oh dear, oh dear, he can't hear me! There! I knew it would happen. Oh, HARRY, do put something round your neck, now that you've stopped.

*A Father (to another Father).* Ah, my boy, this is like old times, isn't it? Do you remember that year when you and I were rowing stroke and six of our crew? That was the best crew I ever saw. There's no rowing like that nowadays. Great time we had of it, too, at the bump-supper. I met TANFIELD, our old cox, this very morning in Trinity. He's a Parson somewhere in Essex; looked quite old, and as grey as a badger. I wonder if he remembers what he said to the Proctor that night? Well, well. *[And so forth.]*

#### AT THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB. (The Undergraduates are acting an Operetta.)

*A Cousin (to her Undergraduate Cousin in the Stalls).* How well they sing!—and do you really mean to tell me that girl in the Alsatian dress is a man?

*Undergraduate.* Yes, he's a man right enough. Not badly made up, is he?

*Cousin.* Why she's quite lovely. TOM, it's not true, you're—

*Undergraduate.* Upon my honour, I'm not rotting. It is really a man. They're all men.

*Cantab. Undergrad. in Cap and Gown.* "Artis Causa," A.D.C.

*Cousin.* Well, perhaps the hands are a little large.  
*Undergraduate.* You'll meet him at lunch to-morrow, and then you can see for yourself.

*Cousin.* Who's that funny little man with a hooked nose?  
*Undergraduate.* It's the same chap who acted the Servant Girl in the first piece. He's a ripping good actor, isn't he?

*Cousin.* Tom, I'll never believe another word you say.

*[And so on, with charming incredulity.]*

#### IN THE SENATE HOUSE.

*[During the ceremony of conferring honorary degrees.]*

*The Public Orator (introducing a distinguished body of D.C.L.'s and Mus. Docs.).* Domine Cancellarie—

*Voice from the Gallery.* Now construe. *[Roars of laughter. Disturbance.]*

*The Public Orator.*—*circum illustrissimum*—

*Voice from the Gallery.* SANDYS, you mustn't use a crib. *[More roars.]*

*The Public Orator.*—*artis musica existimator quam subtilis existit.*

*Voice from the Gallery.* SANDYS, that's your tenth false quantity. *[More roars.]*

*[The eminent Musicians, CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, MAX BRUCH, ARRIGO BOITO, and ILIITSCH TCHAIKOWSKY, are introduced.]*

*A Mother (to her Son).* What very funny names.

*The Son.* Yes; I could do the whole in four sneezes.

*Mother.* What made them call him ARRIGO? I never heard such a name.

Now HARRY is a sensible name, but ARRIGO—well, there! *[Words fail her.]*

*Voice from the Gallery.* Good old SHAKENOFFSK. *[Roars of laughter.]*

There, Mr. Punch, are a few observations on Cambridge. You are at liberty to publish them.



Cantab. Graduate, not "plain," but "coloured." M.A. harajah of Bhaougar, "Honoris Causa," I.L.D.

A VAGRANT.

#### JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING.

Who asks what's become of the Irishman's fun?

What's gone with Hibernian humour?

Sir BOYLE ROCHE & Co. are completely outdone

By the aid of Row, "Rot," and—say Rumour!

A mystery dark as the tenebrous veil

That covered the features of ISM,

Is Hibernian fun. To make enemies rail

At the cruz of a National Crisis;

To hearten old foes, in the wheel put a spoke

Of new friends, after six years of struggle,

Would seem—to a Saxon—"too much of a joke,"

To the Celt 'tis a humorous juggle.

When things look a-squiff to ride rusty and tiff,

About—nothing that's valid or visible,

Is conduct a Briton would scout in a jiff;

To PAT 'tis a joke, vastly risible.

Withdraw, without reason? What fun, bhoys, in that,

After sessions deep drowned in fierce jaw all!!!

But Ooh! there's a far foimer joke, by St. PAT,

Which is—to withdraw your withdrawal!

No good end is served, and much mischief is done?

By the powers ye're right, bhoys! But—think of the Fun!!!

A NEW ARTHURIAN LEGEND.—Mr. Punch was very shocked to see on contents bill of morning paper, "Mr. BALFOUR on the Bust." Home-Rule Bill responsible for a good deal, but nothing quite so bad as this. Where had he been on the Bust? Had he tried to out-AMBROSE AMBROSE? Or what? Latest intelligence says that it has something to do with the W. H. SMITH Memorial!

MATHEMATICAL HONOURS AT CAMBRIDGE.—Learning does not make the student effeminate. The Senior Wrangler this year is MANLEY. Nor does extreme youth bar the way to honours, as the Twelfth Wrangler is a CHILD!

THE VIRTUE OF RESIGNATION.—Quite clear that the Member for Kerry wanted to resign because he thought that, with the Home-Rule Bill "going strong," there would be no need of a SEXTON.

RIVERSIDE RIDDLE.—When is a man likely to go to Richmond for dinner?—When he's in Kew.



## NEWS FROM HOME.

*Aunt Mary.* "I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM YOUR PAPA, GEOFFREY. HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE BROTHER, WHO'LL BE A NICE COMPANION FOR YOU SOME DAY!"

*Geoffrey.* "OH!—DOES MUMMY KNOW?"

## AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER.

TOMMY ATKINS'S TRIBUTE TO LORD ROBERTS.

(A New Barrack-room Ballad, with Apologies to Tommy's own Especial Poet-Laureate).

["I will only say that the main object of the various reforms which I have ventured to advocate is to make life in the Army more attractive, and to fill the ranks with men of good physique and character. This I would accomplish by abolishing restrictions, which I believe to be beneficial neither to the soldier nor to the State, and by making military life acceptable to the classes from which it is most advantageous that our recruits should be drawn."—*Lord Roberts of Candahar, V.C., at the Mansion House.*]

AIR—"Tommy." TOMMY ATKINS sings:—

I WOSEN'T at the Munching 'Ouse to grub, nor yet to cheer;  
The Civic waiters might ha' said, "We don't sarve privits 'ere!"  
But TOMMY ain't behind the Toffs in welcoming Lord "Bons"  
Bank 'ome onst more to England from the toughest of tough jobs.  
O it's "ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, and TOMMY keep away;"  
But we read our penny papers, and we've read your little say;  
We've read your little say, my "Bons," your clear, straight-  
spoken say,  
And it's "Thank you, 'Bons,'" sez TOMMY, "for you know the  
soldiers' way!"

I was with you at Candahar, a middlin' spell ago,  
And I know the bloomin' Afghan, and 'e ain't a pleasant foe,  
But you crumpled of him small, Lord "Bons," you crumpled of him  
small,  
Though you ain't the sort of 'ero that they 'owl of at the 'All.  
For it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, from Cawnpore to Cabul,  
And now they're feedin' of you, and they well may feed you—full!  
If you aint our "Only Gen'ral," you aint fur from bein' our best.  
Long may you live, with many a chance to put *that* to the test!

For you're far too fine and large, Lord "Bons," and far too briak and  
young,  
For to *shelve*,—though done perlitely with your praise on every tongue.

We soldiers—axing pardon, "Bons," for coupling high and low,—  
Come so 'andy when we're wanted; when we ain't—well we may go!  
It's TOMMY this and TOMMY that (as Mister KIPLING sings,)  
But when 'e "lags superfluous" they don't want 'im at the wings.  
The "veteran's" mighty useful to sing songs about, and such.  
But they ain't so spry at keeping heye on 'im and 'is "Old Dutch."

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes," as the Balladist remarks,  
But flesh and blood, wot wants our food, a 'ome, and cashual  
"larks;"

To pile red-tape "Restrictions," as you pooty squarely 'int,  
Ain't the way to fill the ranks, "Bons;" that's as plain—to you—  
as print.

O it's TOMMY this and TOMMY that; but TOMMY pipeclay'd smart,  
Waist-braced and shoulder-padded, has a stummick and a 'eart;  
And to "make the life acceptable" to "young recruits"—yus!—  
You've 'it the bull in once, Lord "Bons," with neither fudge nor  
fuss!

So 'ere's wishin' of you luck, Lord "Bons," long life, and a 'ome-  
billet

To do honour to the country, and the 'ero as will fill it.  
Arter the Banquets and the Big Bow-Wows are over, "Bons,"  
That question's left; not 'ow to feed, but *fit us with square  
jobs!*

O, it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, all over the dashed shop;  
But that name, Sir, spells a great career, wich BULL won't want  
to stop;

An' it's TOMMY this, and TOMMY that; but *this*, TOMMY, dontcher  
see,  
Wants to drink the 'ealth of Gen'ral "Bons"—with a rousing  
"Three times three!"

[In which, with Mr. ATKINS's permission, Mr. Punch most  
heartily joins.]

BLACK VIEWS OF LIFE.—These must be taken by explorers for  
coal—(awful bores!)—who are for ever in search of "the seamy  
side."





SWAINSON

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**"AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER—" ?**

LORD ROBERTS. "WELL, SERGEANT, THEY'VE FOUND A HOME-BILLET FOR YOU."

TOMMY ATKINS (*Commissionaire*). "YES, GENERAL; AND I HOPE THEY'LL SOON FIND A FIRST-RATER FOR YOU!"



"ALICE THE HAZARD OF THE OCEAN"

THE HAZARD OF THE OCEAN, OR, THE STORY OF ALICE, A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN, WHO WAS TAKEN ON BOARD A SHIP, AND SAVED BY THE CAPTAIN. A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES. BY MRS. J. K. BROWN. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. K. BROWN, 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, 1854.



## LES ENFANTS DE MOLIERE À LONDRES.

THE Maison de MOLIERE being "à louer," its usual tenants have come over here on the invitation of Sir DRUGGOLANUS and Messrs. GRAU and ABBEY (not Westminster Abbey, but another from New York) to give us a taste of their quality and quantity at the T. R. Drury Lane. From Paris to HARRIS. They were most heartily received by a crowded audience, whose extreme brilliancy (out of compliment to that of the French Company) was only equalled by its remarkable intelligence and perfect politeness, quite in accordance with the traditional *politesse de Louis Quinze*. Maybe in their heart of hearts not a few would have preferred witnessing the



"Bon Chat, Bon Ha —cine here.

Sir," in French, understood it as meaning "Wee mouse 'ere," and so just looked in for a little bit of mousing between the pieces.

At the end of the second piece, Mlle. REICHERBERG read M. CLARETIE's "Salut à Londres." In one verse the poet tells us how

"En vingt ans—oiseaux en voyage—"

(The "birds" are not those of ARISTOPHANES, but of the nest of MOLIERE.)

"Ont trois fois bravé le peril  
De réclamer votre suffrage. . . ."

The "peril" is presumably the *trajet entre Calais et Douvres*. Then it suddenly occurs to the poet that, after all, bad as the passage may be, it is not perhaps to be compared with a voyage to America or Australia, and, breaking off abruptly, he exclaims,

"Mais Londres n'est pas un exil!"

Beautiful! And with our very best compliments to the poet, I beg to say that not *trois fois*, but *cinquante fois* I, moi qui parle, have braved the peril from London to Paris and back, and it has never occurred to me to consider Paris as an *exil* even at the very earliest date when it was not a *pays de connaissance*. May the Sociétaires often, in the future, brave the peril of *La Manche*, and give us some of their excellent performances, which may include an occasional brief extract from MOLIERE, but which will exclude anything Shakspearian. Of course, when I say Shakspearian, I would not have them omit from their *répertoire* a play called *Hamlet*, written, as their playbill informs me, by Messrs. DUMAS and MEURICE, which has evidently nothing whatever to do with a play of SHAKESPEARE's that happens to bear the same title.

In the *intermède*, a burlesque by MOLIERE—yes, a burlesque, Ladies and Gentlemen—the children of MOLIERE go in for child's play, and for larks generally; though some of the younger ones on "the spindle side" do not seem to relish their share in the nonsense, of which the climax is reached when President GOT crams a doctor's cap over the eyes and nose of COQUELIN the Younger, which facetious ceremony brought down the Curtain to shouts of laughter and thunders of applause, testifying to the hearty English appreciation of the humours of the *Bons Enfants de la Maison de MOLIERE*.

I suppose the performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire* is governed entirely by tradition. Our English audience at Drury Lane enjoyed

it immensely; it occasionally smiled as it recognised certain well-known scenes "in use at schools," but it literally roared with laughter whenever there occurred such good old-fashioned farcical business as nowadays is not associated in our ideas with what High Comedy ought to be. The Clown chucking properties at the Policeman makes the whole world kin; and what in the English actor, and on the English stage, and in an English play, an English audience would have vociferously condemned, is, when done by a French actor on the stage of Drury Lane, welcomed with applause and shouts of laughter.

Perhaps this sort of "business"—of the old rough-and-tumble pantomime school—will be repeated in the French version of the Shakspearian farce of *Taming the Shrew*. We shall see. However, I suppose it was essential that the Children of the House of MOLIERE should start with one of their Great Parent's pieces, and that the "*jeu de scène*" should be mere "child's play." But the attraction of Monday night was the curious quaint *Cérémonie* which wound up the proceedings. This was most interesting. *Vive la Compagnie!* They were all on at once, grouped about the Stage, in a splendidly-lighted scene, and attired in the red robes and the ermine of Doctors of Law or Arts,—ladies and all,—the ladies looking charming. Then M. GOT led Mlle. REICHERBERG to the front, and she read an address in verse; read it quietly, clearly, and distinctly, without any action, or attempt at declamation. She seemed rather to hurry it through, after the manner of a young Etonian getting off a "saying lesson." Then followed mock speeches, in Dog-Latin, interspersed with an occasional refrain, sung about eight times in chorus, of which one line seemed to me to be "*Vive la loi et la cérémonie!*" But perhaps I am mistaken. It was " quaint," but palled on repetition. After about a quarter of an hour or so of this, down came the Curtain. All home, much contented, but hoping to see the Company in modern pieces which, if not worthier of their great artistic reputation, may at least represent their art in "this so-called Nineteenth Century."

E. LOGE PARTICULIER.



How's this for High Comedy? The Pillows of the House of Molieré.



## LOCAL VETO.

Guest (at Public Dinner, to Waiter, who has opened a bottle of soda-water in his left ear). "Ugh, you SCOUNDREL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!" Waiter. "SCOUNDREL! BEGONNA! IT'S DIVIL A DROP OF DRINK I'LL BE GIVING YOU TO-NIGHT!" [And he doesn't!]



## STUDIES IN HEREDITY.

TYPES OF MEN BELOVED BY WOMEN.

*Elder Son and Heir (who takes after his Pa).* "CONFOUND IT! ALL THE MOTHERS IN LONDON ARE AFTER ME. THERE'S NO REST!"

*His Younger Brother, the Detrimental (who takes after his Ma).* "YES, AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS AFTER ME, CONFOUND IT! WE DIVIDE THE WOMANKIND OF LONDON SOCIETY BETWEEN US!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, June 12.*—"And has it come to this?" said WEBSTER (not Sir RICHARD but ROBERT GRANT). He was standing below Gangway, looking with rueful countenance at row of hats set out on Bench where Irish Members sit, under genial leadership of JUSTIN MCCARTHY. "Am not suspected of undue partiality for them or their ways," he murmured, furtively mopping a manly tear. "But one cannot have lived with a section of his fellow-men, in close companionship in public work, without conceiving some regard for them. Heard about their differences; have retired, as usual, to Committee Room No. 15; been shut up together there since one o'clock this afternoon. Now, at the hour when the Terrace is crowded with frivolous persons drinking strong tea and eating damp strawberries, nothing is left of them but these—seven toppers and three billycocks, the softness of whose texture is, perchance, indicative of the less stern stuff of which their late owners were composed. Nor does this mark the full measure of memorable catastrophe. Full sixty Members, some in the prime of life, others not so, entered the fatal chamber; only ten hats have come out. 'Tis shocking; no words in my popular Dictionary, the studious work of early manhood, adequate to express my feelings. Fifty Irish Members, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a hat behind!"

A good fellow WEBSTER, but sometimes led away by extreme sensitiveness of nature. Might have spared himself this heart-rending scene. True, Irish Members absent through early portion of

## COLERIDGE ADAPTED TO A CURRENT CONTROVERSY.

(After reading Lady Brooke's Article, "What is Society?" in the Pall-Mall Magazine for June.)

CRITICS abound around who've found  
Spots on Society's sun  
Then others answer back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Some "drop upon" "Sassiety,"  
Like—oh! like anything;  
Others retort, "You are not fair!"  
They seem to fill the summer air  
With their wild jargoning.

And now 'tis like wind instruments,  
And now like a cracked lute.  
Some may be right, some must be wrong—  
Oh that they'd all be mute!

It ceases not, they still go on:  
A pleasant summer boon,  
This noise, like that of a babbling BROOKE,  
In a magazine for June,  
That says Society's all right,  
Or little out of tune!

Next JEUNE, no doubt, will stay this  
BROOKE—  
Well, well, we've time to breathe!  
Slowly and steadily we'll—skip  
And let the squabble seethe!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—Always does the Baron de B.-W. read a work with the name of BAKING-GOULD to it. Hence he took to *Mrs. Curgenvon of Curgenvon*, but wearied of her before he reached Vol. III. He was annoyed with her personally, and heartily wished the second *Mrs. Curgenvon* out of the way. But some of the other characters are delightful, especially the sort of Cornish *Madge Wildfire*, by name *Esther Morriog*. The out-door life is delightful, and the descriptions of the scenery, and of *Esther's al fresco*, and all frisky life, read in this hot weather, makes the Baron open the doors and windows, and finally decide to "carp the vital airs" in the garden, book in hand, under the shade of a broad-spreading umbrella tree. The Baron thoroughly appreciates the kindly *Mr. Percival*, who, after buying several illustrated papers, found he had no money, and surrendered all but *Punch*, and the heroine was happy. BARON DE B.-W.

sitting, some ten or dozen observing preaction of retaining their seats by ordinary expedient of reverentially placing hat on Bench before prayers. Spent afternoon in Committee room discussing latest internecine difficulty. Difference of opinion arisen on question of management of Dublin newspaper. Easiest thing in the world to manage a newspaper. As dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE occasionally remarks, "It's nothing; anyone can do it." If one man, taken off street or out of shop, could succeed to a certainty, how much more complete the success of half a score? Somehow—perhaps because scene laid in Dublin—unexpected difficulties present themselves in ordinarily simple problem. TIM HEALY thinks if JOHN DILLON would retire from the Board of Direction, all would be well. JOHN DILLON in favour of resignation, but thinks, slightly to alter a line endeared to infancy, "The first to go should be little TIM." To someone else comes the flash of common sense suggesting that the whole Board of amateur newspaper managers should be swept clear, and a shoemaker put in charge of the last.

This on point of being agreed to when SEXTON puts his finger in his mouth, and with tears rolling down his eloquent cheeks, declares he "Shan't play." Not to be pacified on any terms; pettishly declares he will obscure Parliamentary horizon by retiring from it; carefully hands application for Chiltern Hundreds to JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"What's MCCARTHY got to do with it?" asks the sombre Member for SARK. "If SEXTON meant business, he would have sent in his application direct to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and made an end of it. A pretty patriotic performance this, with Home-Rule Bill drifting into direct straits; Opposition encouraged by success, unvaried since House went into Committee; only hope of defeating them to be found in united front of Ministerialists; Irish





RARE AVES IN TERRACE.

Members go and get up a petty brawl round a private commercial enterprise, and squabble through a June afternoon, leaving the Liberal Party, who have sacrificed everything for them, to bear the brunt of the unequal fight. 'Pon my soul, TONY, if I were Mr. G., I'd chuck up the whole business, and get about the arrears of British work.' *Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill in the doldrums.

*Thursday.*—CHARLES RUSSELL back from Paris, bringing with him latest fashions. Everyone glad to see him again; heartily cheered when he rose to take part in debate in Committee.



"Here to-day, gone to-Morrigh."

"Just so," said Sir CHARLES, producing and waving the bandana, which the President of the Court of Arbitration mistook for the Union Jack, and half rose from his chair to salute. "I dare say; quite so; *exactement*; but, *vous comprenez*, I understand not your English. By-and-by, *tout à l'heure*, it will all come back, *retourner sur ses pas*; for the while it *m'embarrasse*. Will you lunch with me? or would you that we five o'clocker? I bring with me a few *escargots*. *Vous aimez les escargots*? Only six or dozen left. When I go to de tin box, what do I find? *Les escargots*? *Certainement non*. I ring de bell; my man coom; I shake my *mouchoir dans son visage*. I say at de top of mon *coix*, 'Mon Dieu! where dem *escargots*? 'What cargo?' the *bête* say, looking round with anxiety amongst *mes caisses*. I rattle de tin box at him. 'Oh,' says he, 'dem snails? I put dem in de bin de dust.' Snails! *sacré!* *Mes escargots des vignes* for which I pay five francs by dixaine, with de tin box thrown in. *Naturellement* I continue de course of de tin box. I trow de tin box at tête de mon *bête* of a man. *Que vous êtes insulaires* all you, mon *TORRE!* But *qu'est-ce que ça fait*? You lunch with me. I give you braised leg of frog. Um?"

I think not; but dissemble with ATTORNEY-GENERAL. In ordinary times difficult to ruffle his temper. That little incident with the *escargots* seems to have done it.

*Business done.*—Very little in Committee on the Home-Rule Bill.

*Friday Night.*—Glad, on these fine Summer nights, to get out on Terrace, when the Duchesses and the rest have had their tea and gone away. Still pegging away in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Better down here; have Terrace all to myself it seems; walk to far end; find I'm mistaken; perceive outline of figure in corner by boundary wall, sitting down, with feet stretched on low wall overlooking gleaming river. Something familiar about it. Got a guitar too, which is scarcely Parliamentary. Twangs the light instrument, and sings—

"There were two lofty frigates from Old England came,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
One was the Prince of Luther, and the other Prince of Wales,  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

Perhaps I'd better withdraw. May be it's Dr. HUNTER, or some other Scotch authority on humour, serenading some one in boat below. But then he'd have the bagpipes, not the guitar. Too late; I am observed. Figure turns upon me, and laughingly trolls forth—

"Oh, hail her! oh, hail her!" our gallant captain cries,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
'Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer so free?'  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"I'm neither," I said, thinking it well, as it was growing dark, there should be no misunderstanding on this head. "I'm just out for a breath of air, like yourself, though I didn't happen to bring a kettledrum or a trombone with me."

"That's not the answer," said PRINCE ARTHUR (for it was he). "You should have replied—

'Oh, I'm no man-o'-war, nor a privateer so free,'

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

'But I'm a saucy pirate, and I'll sink you in the sea,'

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"Well, you seem in pretty high spirits," I said. "Something new for Leader of Opposition to leave a Bill to take care of itself in Committee, and go a philandering to the moon on the Terrace."

"Ah! you forget CHAMBERLAIN," sighed

PRINCE ARTHUR.

"He's on the

watch-tower,

and all is well.

Great comfort to

one in my position

to have an ally

like that.

Sort of foster-

brother, doncha.

We trust each

other with a love

that is more than

love. DAVID and

JONATHAN not

in it. Besides

which, things

are going so well

with us that I

can afford a little

relaxation. At

outset we deter-

mined to make

good fight and

prepared for it.

Things have turned

out far beyond

our expectations.

Irish Members

squabbling among

themselves; Mr. G.

full of benevolence;

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD

muzzled;

MELLOR increasingly

beneficent. Here

we are more than

midway in June

on fourth Clause

of Bill, with thirty-

six to follow. More

than two weeks on

Clause III. Can

you do a sum in

your head

right off, TONY?

Then try this:

If it takes two

weeks to dispose

of one Clause in

Committee, how

long will it take

for thirty-six?

Broadside to broadside, long time we lay,

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

Till the man at the hellum shot the pirate's mast away,

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Heard to day's news from Linnithgow? That gives you some idea of what the constituencies think of how we're getting on at Westminster. It'll be worse by-and-by.

'Quarter! oh, quarter!' those pirates then did cry,

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

But the quarter that we gave them we sunk 'em in the sea,

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Nice song that, don't you think? Heard the sailors chanting it one night as a schooner sailed by the Links in the darkling eve at North Berwick. There's the division-bell; wait a moment till I button my coat over the guitar; don't mind you, dear boy, but wouldn't do for everyone to come upon me taking a little wholesome relaxation."

*Business done.*—Still harping on Clause IV. Home-Rule Bill.

A "CRITERION" NOT TO "GO BY" BUT TO ENTER.—Our CHARLES WYNDHAM has done well—he always acts well, but "that's another story"—in reviving David Garrick. "He may take his little DAVY," as to that.

MRS. R. heard someone one say that I Rantzeau was going to be produced at Covent Garden. "Ah!" exclaimed our friend, "I dare say someone will give an imitation of some old-fashioned tragedian. Very good title, 'I Rant So!'"

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENT.—In grateful and honouring remembrance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's stay in Paris, it is proposed to change the name of the "Place du Carrousel" to that of "Place de C. Russell."

LINLITHGOWSHIRE.—Telegram last Friday from the Hope of the Unionists.—I'M IN,—URE NOT.





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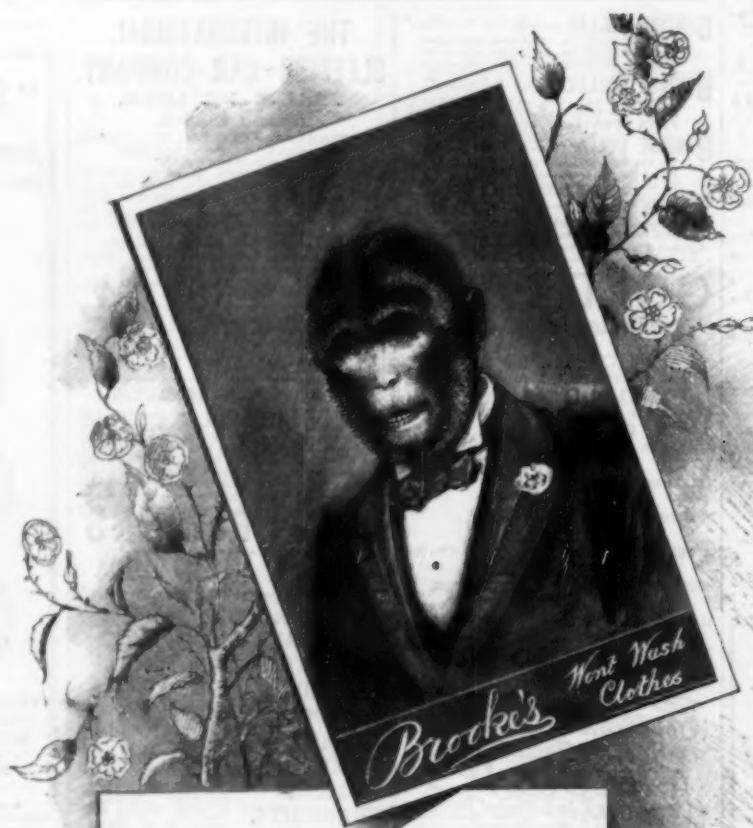
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